

THE QUESTION OF THE MIND




HENRY JAMES

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England
at War:
AN ESSAY

The Question of the Mind

by
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The QUESTION *of the* MIND

GREAT public convulsions are an upheaval of many things, and are only too apt to destroy more treasure than they collect, to agitate, even fatally to deform, more questions than they settle ; so that among the elements let loose and the bewilderments multiplied confusion overtakes inward values no less than outward, matters of knowledge and experience, appreciation, conviction, faith, as one has held them and as one has more or less comfortably lived by so doing. To take a thousand things for granted is to live comfortably, but the very first effect of great world-shocks is to blight that condition by laying bare all our grounds and our supposed roots. We had been believing them very deep down, but of a sudden they are tossed about on the surface, when not tossed high in the air. They are thus exposed to view at least ; which, I hasten to add, is a very good thing for many of them, or may become so, and not a bad thing for any.

The difference made, however, meanwhile, by our having to face them as comparative strangers, to introduce ourselves to them afresh and then introduce them afresh to others, dealing with them on new terms and picking them over as people are sometimes figured to pick over their visiting lists with a rise in the world, this difference is perhaps like nothing so much as the obligation, under some strange and violent law, to perform in public and the garish light of day those rites of the toilet or whatever, those common preparations of personal state and appearance, which usually go on behind our most closed doors. Thus springs up a condition still more perturbed than that either of not knowing what to do or of having to do the impossible ; predicaments these that may often depend but on indications from without and be relieved by such indications.

The recovery of a straight current of feeling has to come of itself ; scattered abroad and so dislodged from the conduit of experience, it affects us with the possibility and the sharp fear of its losing itself before it re-enters a channel. Such an accident may mean waste at the very time when our yearning is most for force ; but the difficulty is not that we ourselves are wasteful : that may come much rather while presumption remains unchecked and may in fact often have occurred through the absence of an account to be rendered.

What has perhaps at the very first stage come upon us in such a shaken world as the present is the sense of the huge break in experience, our most intimate and as who should say our most secret ; which accordingly leaves us to stare at the separating chasm before we somehow get over to that other side on which we may, or possibly alas, may not, again find life. The dreadful thing seems that experience of so fine an order, the heart's and the soul's experience, the deepest-striking we are capable of, *should* suddenly split after such a fashion and make us feel that we must, by some art never yet practised, tinker it up, patch it together, bridge it over, in order to go on at all.

Happy then if we have not to descend into the abyss, implements in hand, and climb out again to where the opposite ground will bear us, happy if some flight of the imagination, some boldly applied hypothesis, some blest even if casual refreshment of sense, carries us across into air once more breathable ; for that does mean experience again, and if the new flows into the vessel that has long contained and been scented by the old, who will say that after all we shall not recognise the savour and the tang ?

All of which may perhaps figure too obscurely the fact that the social characteristics, the elements of race and history, the native and acquired values, the whole " psychological " mystery marking the people of Great Britain, were so abruptly thrust into the critical smelting-pot for a citizen of another country, a country up to the present speaking formally neutral, who had spent long years of his life on English soil and in English air, that he at first saw the case in the light in which he has just

generalised it. He to-day feels no image too extravagant, none the less, for report of the drama that began so sharply, even if all subjectively, to enact itself on the stage of his anxious spirit ; a drama in which the protagonist was to be simply the question of the true worth of his forty years of observation and interest, and the dénouement to crown it, through whatever ups and downs, those quite proper to the stage, with the happy critical climax. I say "simply" because the decision in suspense mattered to this fond observer himself, thrown back upon half his spiritual history, so much more than it could possibly matter to persons either not agitated at all or agitated to more demonstrable and more immediate purpose.

Yet complications really and thrillingly attended, since where would have been the suspense, which I think I must have positively cultivated in the interest of the rapture of final relief, if the fortune of my exposed and imperilled, and hence so ideally recoverable, or in other words positively ponderable, stake didn't seem at moments to sway this way and that ? What did one after all, oh what *did* one, as the upshot of experience, "think of the English mind" ? I should perhaps blush to translate my figure of the wavering issue, launched on scenic and heroic adventures, into such a pale and lean abstraction ; blush, that is, so to translate it for others. To my own view it at once invested itself with every appearance and attribute of life ; to that degree in fact as to make dependent upon it my personal consciousness, my own life and reality, all my care for what might happen to anything. I must have intimately known thus that if the action exhibited, the entanglement of my question in its dangers, with the retarded issue, was not, as we say at the play, to end happily, I should feel that I myself had declined into misery.

The great thing, however, was not to let that apprehension interfere ; I was no *deus ex machina*, and would have been ashamed to be one ; the question was just of the impassioned critic, impassioned because surmounting of a sudden old habits of detachment and ease and springing to his freshly-wiped fieldglass much as the summoned soldier might spring to his rifle, yet of the critic incorruptible withal and prepared to bow to fate even if fate

should demolish his subject. My state became, to the exclusion of every other, since none was of comparable *portée*, the state of sought certitude, a certitude difficult but not impossible, and carrying everything with it if it should come.

The situation was of course that what you had supposed or presumed you thought was not now of the smallest consequence: to sleep at night, to hold up your head, or, otherwise expressed, your heart, to go and come save as one of the merely mechanic and bewildered, you had to *know*, and to know with that competence which would rest on your having again and more thoroughly learnt. It was true that to learn was to study, and that the pitch of the public agitation left no spacious air for *that*; every impression one had ever suffered, all impatiences and all submissions, stupefactions and recognitions alike, stale perplexities and sublime conclusions, trooped together into view and, claiming in a vague mixed manner some of them justice and some generosity, still insisted that each represented a truth and had thereby its point to make.

Great the responsibility, surely, when the British intelligence was to be on exhibition on that scale and under such a strain; the eyes of the world having now more attention for it, and of a more searching kind, than at any moment in the whole course of the appeal it had ever made to them. They had indeed, these eyes, an immense call to their different, their very own vast masses of interest; but wouldn't the effect of that be at the same time to quicken rather than restrict for them their awareness of the English affirmation, whether as hostile or as helpful, and so to make the degree and the mode of our display of genius signify, that is count all round, as it had not in all the ages had to?

Well, prodigiously to one's help, at a given moment, and quite simultaneously, turned up these two ideas of our "genius"—for it would, of course, be impossible to doubt that we *had* one—and of our being unprecedentedly in evidence and in peril; by which one meant in peril more particularly of the uncertainties of appreciation. These last would inevitably, and probably very soon,

strain themselves clear ; so far as to care so much meant to be so much in suspense, this clutch of the formula, this idea of a genius only waiting to be identified, gave relief to the tension and saw me as by a sudden jump ever so much further on the way.

I recognised that what I began these remarks by calling the spirit of experience had yet left undestroyed its main acquisition ; which was neither more nor less than that our very genius was what made us—made our intelligence, as I have termed it, our contributive, our exhibitable, virtue, our capacity in fine for *being* on our best behaviour—so consistently worth worrying about. Our best behaviour on every face and in every relation of course—*that* was the impending need ; but again, as I say, vagueness waned, or at least began to, from the moment one saw, or at any rate reasoned, that with genius there couldn't not be a light.

So what, when it came to this, had been the former, the ancient light ? that of the time, too prolonged perhaps, when for the attached and familiarised individual mind to which I impute these refinements of ponderation almost any behaviour had seemed good enough on the part of so goodnatured, so incorrigibly goodnatured, a people ? One thought of tests, the suddenly swarming, the unparalleled, those with which the air fairly darkened, till it struck one that after all one had done little else during the long years that represented experience but apply one's own most intimate of tests. There was the genius, in other words the nature (the good nature, and the incorrigible, again !) of the people, and if one wasn't possessed of it, if one didn't know what to think of it, after living with it on such terms, where could the fault be but in one's own infirmity of wit ?

Vaguely recurred in this connection the old anecdote of the member of the *comité de lecture* of the Théâtre Français and his reply to the author of a disapproved play who had remarked to him that as he was asleep while the thing was read he had no right to an opinion. " My dear sir, what was my sleep but an opinion ? " were the classic words in consonance with which I asked what a relation so established could be but an affection, and what an affection so successfully tried but an estimate. And yet

if it was the collective mind withal that (exactly as in the case of the other belligerents) was to be supremely on exhibition, with the fierce light of history beating on it to the unspeakable pitch, it helped little to call that resource the English genius unless one could express to one's private satisfaction one's resultant measure of the same. What did the article supremely consist of, what had one found it in long converse to consist more of on the whole than of anything else?

The British intellect—how extraordinarily one had passed from the facetious to the earnest use of that prior term!—had done in its out-in-the-world way all the splendid things we knew, which were there, piled up behind, and yet the tradition of which didn't in familiar intercourse testify so directly, so intensely, so measurably or so showily, one might almost say, as one's previous, and indeed one's constant, profit of the general achievement would have led one to expect. There was I in presence of the curious fact that while the actual acute demand for display had pounced on the nation's understanding, had challenged its "mentality," clamouring for attestations, the great note of one's observational experience might really be described as that of the completest incapacity for show, for the current and casual play of the imagination to the impressive or attractive end, that had perhaps ever been seen on earth.

Hadn't it been much like a presentation of the mind, of the intellect, from *behind*, so to speak, and with its face turned precisely the other way from the way at present required? Hadn't the impression been as of an averted or muffled or even reluctant exercise of the faculty, exercise of free energy, free fancy, free curiosity, free wit, however one might name the blest thing—the blest thing that had at the same time been so tremendously recorded, and that was more or less continuing to be, in the documentary evidence of libraries and courts? How could one have lived in the society of so many such matters, in the presence verily of all of them, with those consequences of interest and affection, those visions of illumination and education, if, in spite of the fact that one had so almost inveterately to walk for satisfaction of curiosity, for extraction of value, round from the presented face to the

quarter of the averted, the total result of acquaintance hadn't been a peculiar faith?

The answer to all of which, I saw, would meanwhile be no answer if it didn't properly provide for that truth of the genius—the genius that had somehow kept acting and impressing just in proportion as so few pains were taken about it. What was happening, accordingly, that the critic could wonder about the “display” —by which he meant about the absence of it—and yet not wonder in the least about the apparently all so sufficing force? The puzzle might have lasted goodness knows how long hadn't it been for that consciousness of the good nature, incorrigibility and all, felt as fundamental from far back, which one had been looking to right and left of, and to top and bottom of, without discovering that in the very centre of it sat one's sublime solution.

To grasp even in so absurdly delayed a manner the perception that *there* was one's golden key made the whole certitude come on with a rush. It was incredible and impossible that a people should be so incorrigible unless they were strong—no people without a great margin could for any period at all afford to be; and with that *constatation* everything was clear. It didn't matter if they were strong because good-natured, or good-natured because strong: the point was to that extraordinary tune in what they could afford.

This affording became then, to one's infinite recreation, the drama, the picture, and, to repeat the term that was the actual essence of the case, the exhibition, of their life. They were at their ease (there it was!) for their favourite amusement of putting the cart before the horse and the idea out of sight—that is behind, miles behind, everything else. They *kept* the idea in that situation, where one would find it, with one's mistrust fairly unlearned, if one walked far enough round outside to—well, I won't say its prison, but, by way of a better image, its secret garden. Here it grew with a stoutness that spoke doubtless not so much of cultivation as of the happy patches of parent earth, and here it could be gathered, after the fashion of the savoury seasoning herb, “as required.”

If such then was the case for the background by

what art did the foreground not only hold together but form to the extent I have noted the place of frequentation the most attaching, not to say even the most edifying, one could have desired? By the art not anywhere else in the world so subtly practised, assuredly—that of so mixing up character, personal or, as who should say, moral, yes, positively, the dear old moral, the instinctively individual, with every other sign of understanding and every other reward of intercourse, in fact with every other condition of it. What it came to in the last fine analysis thus seemed to be that whereas in association with other people you for the most part knew by their conversability what you had got hold of, or whether this were at a given moment their reflective or their active, their cerebral or their practical part, so in the association I had happened most to enjoy there was no such clear and perhaps I should say convenient distinction, convenient in especial for the demonstration of one's grounds. This might certainly represent in regard to the others that conversability worked better, but could it represent that association did?

To put this last question, I quickly recognised, was to find it answered, and with other attendant ones disposed of really by the same stroke; not least that one of the drawback of the usual confusion. Not knowing what one had got hold of might certainly appear at the best and in no matter what connection but a muddled form of appreciation—which appearance was doubtless directly signified by your comfort in the fact that when a Frenchman or an Italian talked he really told you so much about his mind that there seemed little left to tell you about anything else.

Only, if that was satisfactory, so far as it went, and was, so far as the Frenchman and the Italian were concerned, exhaustive, there was then nevertheless no mystery more, nothing of the unexplored and, as you could put it, more eventually and shyly, call it even rather proudly, producible.

The part you had got hold of left you comparatively incurious about the other part. This exhibited, most exhibited part informed you about itself entirely, and tasted of itself, yielding by this reason whatever sharpest or sweetest savour; so that it was upon that

luxury one threw one's self and fed, to the full appeasement of one's critical impulse.

If on the other hand you went by the information the Englishman gave you about his mind—the Scotsman's and the Irishman's information about *his* remains, I confess, a matter apart—you didn't by any means go such lengths; if you depended on the taste of that article alone for your sense of his power to nourish or beguile you would find a vast tract of the recorded history of your relation with him unaccounted for; you would have yourself to account for the circumstance, superficially inscrutable but nevertheless so substantial, that in no general intercourse whatever could you as a final result be left less consciously starved. You might be left hungry, beyond doubt; yet wasn't this only that you were left curious, in other words unsatisfied, but because your meal, copious though it should keep on proving, was never all served at one sitting? The reason of that might well be, no doubt, that it wasn't ready, hadn't been prepared with the punctuality and presentability of those other, those exotic repasts, those from which one got up with the wondrous sense of appetite, properly the sense of curiosity, gratified or gorged.

Such, I made out, was my inevitable figure for that dissipation of mystery in these connections which I had been feeling as an interest and even as a sensation the less at the very time of feeling it as a happy convenience and a lively social exercise the more. This pointed with the last sharpness, you were at any rate all the while conscious, that noted moral of your knowing what you had hold of. But were you then on the side of your experience of the British, roughly taken together, simply to resign yourself to the correspondingly baffled state? Well, yes, verily yes, at last, and for the very best of reasons, a reason quite magnificent, as it could only appear to me, when once I had at least got hold of that affirmative.

There was the savour, the desideratum, the force and quantity, that we have been talking of—a savour immense and extraordinary, in relation to which the muddlement that I have called subjective came directly from the fact that it is not, like the savours to which I just paid tribute, "dished," served, administered after the fashion of

precious things in general, isn't perhaps in any degree the result of what passes in other societies for preparation. It grows wild, and I had doubtless partaken of it crude—with the marvellous effect of its not disagreeing with me. Crude things, we know, mostly do disagree : there accordingly and exactly was the mystery that kept imagination on the stretch. Why hadn't it disagreed, why didn't it, why doesn't it ? Why above all does it not only at last purge bewilderment of any shade of impatience, but make it a condition, not to say an adventure, romantic and agreeable ? If the reply to this just at first hangs fire it floods the subject when it does come with the clearest light in the world.

The wildness, the crudity, the undressed and uneconomised state are themselves the unidentified force, or the force to the identification of which we come nearest when we catch it in its supreme act of good-nature. What a blessing to work round again to the consciousness of *that* clue, the clue of the incorrigibility, in the hand ! For the good-nature was the light—the light, ever so vividly, on the character ; just as the character was the light, ever so richly and blurringly, but none the less ever so extensively and perspectively, on the mind. So then I stood with my feet on the ground : the case was sole and single, and quite as splendid, yes, as one could have wished it to be. The mind was so drenched with the character, in opposition to the examples in which the character was drenched with the mind, that all one could at the very best feel (though goodness knew indeed it quite sufficed !) was that the value finally run to earth was a value which would do for everything.

HENRY JAMES.

ENGLAND

By A. Clutton-Brock.

(From THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, November 19, 1914.)

THE members of an English family are apt not only to see each other's faults, but to speak of them before strangers, so that a stranger unused to this habit might think that they had no love for each other. They themselves take their love for granted, and do not care what strangers may think about it. And as it is with the family so it is with the country. A stranger comes among us, and we tell him all that we dislike about England. We have no domestic caution or sense of propriety in this matter. We point out to him how badly things are managed here, and speak of England as if it were an inefficient railway on which we have the misfortune to travel. And he, if he happens to be an industrious German, takes notes of all our complaints for future patriotic use. He thinks that they are dragged out of us by our unwilling sense of German superiority. He, even if he comes to England for his pleasure, is always a traveller for his country; and in England he is aware of no country, but only of a general discontent and indiscipline and disorder. There are Englishmen, he notes, but no England; nothing but a crowd of individuals who do not even pretend to think well of each other, and who would surely be happier and better men under German rule.

In Germany patriotism, like everything else, is organized. It is one of those emotions which Germans experience at the word of command. But here there is no word of command, and we are not good at expressing our patriotism. We have our conscious patriots, but they are amateurish and most of us either dislike their demonstrations or watch them indifferently as if they were the ceremonies of some religious sect. They have a right to demonstrate, of course, like anyone else, but we wish that they would do it better and would not pay compliments to England that make us feel ashamed. We prefer them, indeed, when they show their patriotism by grumbling collectively as we all grumble individually, when they tell us, as a nation, that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. There we agree with them. Every institution in England, including the country, ought

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The dishonesty of the English policy has been thrown into too bold relief, as have also the un-freedom of the English people and the bankruptcy of their political Constitution. . . . England's arrogance and egoism have become so insufferable that we are compelled to tell her clearly that we feel that in respect of political, artistic, and scientific education, and of humanity, we are not merely equal, but superior to her.

From an article in the "Neue Freie Presse," Vienna, by Baron von Bissing, Professor of History at Munich University, and Member of the Bavarian Academy of Science.

This rough time of war brings the true kernel out of the shells of disguise and artifice. It exposes the highest virtues. But it exposes also the lowest instincts of peoples that have become rotten to the core, lying and deception and hypocrisy, horribleness and greed of destruction, and finally the death of every sense of right.

* * * * *

The way in which England and the English have exposed themselves before the world, and the shamelessness with which they do it, is a new revelation. England, which hides its mighty Fleet that rules the waves, hauls down its Union Jack and tries to protect its trade by disgracing neutral flags, is also having recourse to methods which have nothing to do with war, and which are branded as crimes in the law-books of all civilised peoples. Let this people only go on behaving in the same way. It is all to the advantage of the world if England and English ways are clearly recognised and shown up by England herself."

From an editorial entitled "England's War of Corruption," in the "Hamburger Nachrichten."

to be ashamed of itself, and every one who says so has our sympathy. We are always aware that institutions consist of human beings. The country itself consists of them, and we cannot separate it from them, from the Englishmen whom we meet in the street and the train, and who are obviously very imperfect creatures like ourselves. To the German Deutschland is something that does not consist of Germans. It is over all, over the Germans as well as every one else. It is an abstraction that can do no wrong, and of which it were blasphemy to speak ill. Whatever the Germans do collectively is done by Deutschland, and therefore justifies itself. But to us, whatever England does collectively is done by Englishmen, who are rather more apt to make fools of themselves together than separately. We are incapable of country-worship because it would mean to us the worshiping of each other, and we would rather be godless altogether than do that.

That is why foreigners have often called our national policy egotistical. We ourselves know that it is the policy of Englishmen, not of an English god, and we cannot persuade ourselves, or anyone else, that we have forgotten ourselves in country-worship. And that is also the reason why, as a country, we are called hypocritical. Because the nation, for us, consists of ourselves, we try to justify it morally. If it were an idol to us, we should not need to justify it. Whatever it did would be right as a matter of course, even if it violated a neutrality it was sworn to preserve. But there is an advantage in this desire to justify, though it sometimes leads to hypocrisy and makes us unpleasant to ourselves and to other nations. For national hypocrisy, unlike country-worship, has its limits. There is a point at which you can no longer persuade yourself that you are doing right when you are doing wrong. But since Deutschland can do no wrong, the Germans, being idolaters instead of hypocrites, never reach that point.

England is a country as much criticized by other nations as by herself. Every one tells us our faults; but about Germany there has long been a curious silence. The Germans themselves have proclaimed her beauty and strength and virtue; and the rest of the world has left them alone with her, for one does not argue with worshippers about the merits of their god. True, there has been a little unrest among their subject peoples, to whom Germany meant Germans, just as England means Englishmen to us, and who found it as impossible to worship Germany as to worship Germans.

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The greatness of England may be seen from her Customs receipts, export statistics, and bank returns ; yet that is no criterion of greatness for a country, for a civilisation, and least of all for a State. Is England great as a State ? It is no normal, no natural State in which only 8 per cent. of the people are engaged in agriculture, 25 per cent. in trade, and 45 per cent. in industry. England is a pump and suction apparatus for gain ; an octopus with powerful tentacles and suckers, and a gigantic belly ; but its heart and head are atrophied.

From a report in the " Vossische Zeitung " of a lecture given in Berlin by Professor Sombart.

All protests against this hate fall on deaf ears ; we strike down all hands that would avert it. We cannot do otherwise ; we must hate the brood of liars. Our hate was provoked, and the German can hate more thoroughly than anyone else. A feeling that this is the case is penetrating into England, but the fear of the German hate is as yet hidden. There is a grain of truth in Lord Curzon's statement that the phlegmatic temperament of his countrymen is incapable of hating as the Germans hate. We Germans do, as a matter of fact, hate differently than the sons of Albion. We Germans hate honourably, for our hatred is based on right and justice. England, on the other hand, hates mendaciously, being impelled by envy, ill-will, and jealousy. It was high time that we tore the mask from England's face, that we finally saw England as she really is.

From an article in the " Vossische Zeitung," Berlin, by Dr. Julius Schiller of Nurnberg, a Royal Protestant Pastor.

We also have subject peoples ; and they do not worship England any more than we worship her ourselves. Indeed they grumble at her as we do, and we find no more blasphemy in their grumbling than in our own. But they are also as ready to fight for her as we are ; and this fact surprises the Germans, who believed—on the evidence of those industrious notes of theirs—that we are not even ourselves ready to fight for her. They came to England and found no idol there like their own Deutschland ; and they made a note that England did not exist. Perhaps we deceived them by our talk of the British Empire. In their sense of the word there is no British Empire, even in India. For an Empire to them means a State in which the rulers enjoy ruling because the subjects dislike being ruled. It means the imposition of an idolatry upon unwilling worshippers. But we have no idolatry to impose, only a government which we know is imperfect as we ourselves are imperfect, and we wish we could make it better. So do our subject peoples ; but they will fight for it against the Germans because they do not wish to be ruled for the honour and glory of Deutschland ; and this is a fact which the Germans cannot understand, as James, Duke of York, did not understand that no one would kill his brother Charles to make him King.

One is inclined to wonder whether the Germans worship their abstract Deutschland so hard that they have no energy left to love the real Germany ; whether indeed it exists for them at all except as a means of performing the will of that abstraction. But there is no doubt that for us the real England does exist, and that we love it all the more because we have not forgotten it to go and worship an idol. It means for us people and concrete things. We know it so well that we are always a little astonished at what it has done, as people are surprised by genius when it appears in their own family. It is a little land, as Morris said, " little rivers, little plains, swelling, speedily-changing uplands, all beset with handsome orderly trees ; little hills, little mountains, netted over with the walls of sheep walks. All is little, yet not foolish and blank, but serious rather, and abundant of meaning for such as choose to seek it ; it is neither prison nor palace, but a decent home." These are quiet words, but they mean more love than they say. For all of us now this little land is abundant of meaning, and we seem to each other to be all of one family in our ancient home that is neither prison nor palace. We are men fighting, or ready to fight, for no idol that sanctifies even her own crimes, but

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We Germans distinguish between civilisation and *Kultur*. By civilisation we mean the work which embraces the control of nature for the raising and perfection of external conditions of life. By *Kultur* we mean the efforts directed towards the organisation of a people's life, in which the highest ideals of religion, morality, art, and science are to come to realisation. Here the human will is directed towards the most difficult and deepest problems of humanity. A people which is satisfied with mere civilisation is no *Kultur* people. In the intellectual sphere the Germans have acquired a leading part in deeds which benefit humanity. The superiority constituted by this fact is, it seems, inconvenient for many peoples. Thence arises the dislike which the weaker is very apt to feel for the stronger.

*Professor Rein, of Vienna University, in an article on
"Germany's Unpopularity."*

Your Open Letter starts on the false assumption that we Germans are seeking Holland's friendship. Not a bit of it. We seek the friendship of nobody in the world; indeed, we cannot do so, as we know by experience that true friendship is only possible amongst equals. But no people on the earth even approach Germany as a cultured nation—we are simply incomparable!

Because our position in the world is unattainable by others we are envied and feared by the whole world, and from this envy and fear arises the hatred felt against us. But let them hate us if only they fear us!

From a letter by Richard Zoosman, Prussian author, to the Dutch weekly, "Amsterdammer," in reply to its "Open Letter to the German People."

for the English of the future who will do better, we hope, than we have done, and make this home of ours fairer than we have made it; and besides that we fight for certain things that seem good to us, as kindliness, freedom, and good faith. They are modest virtues, not fit for a towering idol, but men cannot be happy without them. They are not always our virtues, perhaps, but we wish that they were, and we listen to no professors who tell us that they are vices. We have been at ease in our home for so long that we did not know how much we loved it until it was threatened; and now we are surprised by our own passion and by the speaking beauty of our countryside and the grey churches in it and the villages that seem to trust so quietly in our defence of them. And we are surprised too by the new glory of our arms rivalling the old. Men have walked our streets who can fight like their forefathers of Agincourt and Waterloo. We still make history, and it is not imposed upon us by these masters of the new science and the old barbarism. The world and the laws of the world have not utterly changed while we slept in our island. Idols are idols still, whatever jargon be used in the worship of them; and when an idol falls there is emptiness in earth and heaven for its worshippers. But we, like our fathers, are not idolaters; and we love England the more because we love her this side of idolatry.

* * * * *

Only the German stage is a world-stage. Shakespeare is given more often in a year in Germany than he is in ten years in the country of his birth. As a matter of fact, he is our Shakespeare, although he happened, through some inadvertence, to be born in England.

From an address by Dr. Ludwig Fulda, the well-known German dramatist, at a public meeting in Berlin.

We have won respect everywhere, but love nowhere.

—Bismarck.

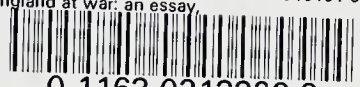
For months I have written to no foreigner. Foreigner means enemy *dum probetur contrarium*. It is not possible to be neutral in regard to the German State and people. People must either consider it as the most complete monument that history has yet produced, or must desire its overthrow, even its annihilation. We, as well as our organisation and institutions, are beyond comparison—paramount. William the Second, *delicia generis humani*, has always used his might in the defence of peace, right and honour, though he could have employed it to destroy everything. His Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, by far the most eminent of living men, knows no other motives than truthfulness, loyalty and right. We Germans bear our heavy armour also for the protection of Holland, which leads a comfortable existence at our cost. It feeds upon its ancient glory and ancient wealth in complete historical nothingness, and Amsterdam has in the world about the same importance as Kyritz on the Knatter or the district capital Teltow. Holland is a simple dependency of Germany, leading a very comfortable existence in dressing-gown and slippers, which costs little trouble or thought. We Germans have very little esteem for present-day Holland. God be thanked that the Dutch are not our friends.

From a letter to the Dutch weekly, "Amsterdammer," by Privy Councillor Professor Adolph Lasson, of Berlin University, "the most celebrated professor of philosophy in Germany."

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